

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 284.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

PRICE 1½d.

CONCERNING GIRLS.

MANNERS VERSUS LEARNING.

IN the last century, education was looked at from a standpoint very different from what it is now. Ignorance was not considered a disgrace, and to be uncertain in his spelling was no bar to being a gentleman. In the education of the girls especially, books seem to have borne a very small part, Dean Swift declaring, in his usual dogmatic way, that 'not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand can read or understand her own natural tongue.' Certainly in his generation, needlework and deportment were the chief things taught them. Dignity of manners was judged to be of more importance than book-learning; but as women are more adaptable than men, more capable of catching the prevailing tone of thought, they could hold their own in society in spite of their ignorance, as long as they were finely mannered and not hoydenish. Grace of carriage, therefore, good-breeding to make home peaceful and pleasant, piety to rule her private conduct, formed the ideal of perfection in woman. Thoroughness or exactness of knowledge was not thought compatible with these good qualities, and learned ladies were dreaded accordingly. The *Spectator* tells that 'a lady at court having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her;' showing how a woman who knew more than others of her sex was regarded, if she 'had dared to read and dared to say she read.' Dancing being the only physical exercise then allowed to girls, was much prized, both as a healthful exertion and a training in elegance and grace; and the dances of the period were nearly all in very stately measure. Most of us middle-aged people must still remember a few old-lady friends whose beautiful, attractive presence and gracious manner were at once the dread and admiration of our childhood.

In the present day, things are much changed. The girl's education is as thorough as the boy's.

No smattering of knowledge now contents us for them, but examinations as stiff and exhaustive are given to them as to their brothers, and with as good results. Along with this high mental discipline, the physical training goes hand in hand; so that what with boating, swimming, calisthenics, cricket, lawn-tennis, the physique of this and future generations should go on improving at a rapid rate. The idea that a beautiful girl must be pale and delicate-looking, and that, to be interesting, she must be ready to faint at the least exertion or motion, like the heroines in the old novels, is now quite exploded.

But in gaining all this mental and physical excellence, care must be taken that we are not losing the well-bred courtesy that used to sit so beautifully on our grandmothers, or the loss will be greater than the gain. In avoiding the ignorance of the past, there is the danger of going to the other extreme, of making learning of too much importance, or rather of making it all-important, forgetting that for the proper application of its other faculties are required; that a girl crammed with knowledge is only like a locked bookcase full of books, unless she has the power to use it for good and to give pleasure to herself and others. And what will give her this power? Only a proper training in which good manners or good breeding, as the essayists of the last century were fond of calling it, holds its proper place; and a greater injustice is done to a girl in leaving this part of her education incomplete than if her book-learning should not be exact and precise. It is only in childhood that this can be really acquired, that the easy courteous demeanour can grow to be second nature; and it is then also that the brusque boyish manner, so much to be deprecated, is formed.

The discipline to be undergone for this part of her education is also a great gain to the child, as great almost as the result, keeping in proper check, as it does, many propensities fostered by the emulation in the schools, and strengthening very opposite qualities. The one training places self in the foremost place, fosters self-will, want

of reverence, boldness, independence of character; all of which may not be evil qualities, but would be greatly improved by being controlled by the courtesy and graciousness of manner, which, while perfectly self-possessed, is thoughtful for others, full of deference for the old, and purely womanly in type. There is no true reason why an advance in learning should mean a decay in manners; the opposite ought to be the case; a true enlightenment ought to mean culture, and culture—refinement both in thought and observance.

Woman in the past has been the helper and consoler of man, and though other paths in life may now be opening to her, making marriage not so imperative, yet her real place and chief purpose is to be his *alter ego* and helpmate. Woman's influence is the most powerful of the great forces that affect men. It pervades everything. It is calming, soothing, elevating, and stimulating. While aiding men to do their duty, it makes them content in doing it, and keeps alive in them the love of social intercourse. To have this influence in the future, as she has had in the past, woman needs all the intellectual improvement she is at present gaining; but, added to it, she requires the grace and good breeding of the olden time, to make her a woman of high culture and noble aspiration, yet of loving womanly sweetness. It as often happens that such a one can uplift a husband to the dignity of her own character, as that a husband can uplift a wife to his own rank.

The tendency of the times has been to raise women more and more to an intellectual equality with man, and with this growth the sentiment has risen in their minds that the conventions of the world are against their complete development; that the rules of society have been formed for the comfort of the man without regard to the good of the woman; thus generating in many a feeling of bitterness and rebellion against a few of those existing customs. As woman's ambition has been roused by her new position, and her faculties awakened, a number of the sisterhood have protested against the old-time notion that she ought to steal through life unheard and unremarked—that it is a reproach for her to be talked of; and these, rushing to the other extreme, have been led to court notoriety, to despise conventionalities, and to adopt a hostile manner towards the other sex, while assuming a brusque demeanour that is not at all pleasing or attractive. As some writers have striven to set class against class, others lately have been trying to array sex against sex. Nothing could be more absurd. However close the relation between sisters, between mother and daughter, or between any two women, it can never be so strong as between husband and wife; and the tie between father and daughter, mother and son, or brother and sister, is usually the more binding because of the difference of sex.

Educating the one sex without any consideration of a probable affinity to the other, is therefore not advisable, still less the setting of them up in opposition. But as time goes on, the antagonism on the man's part towards learned ladies, as well as the bitterness on the woman's side for her treatment in the past, is dying out. It is in the woman's power to decide if

her kingdom is still to exist—if man is to be after all under her sway, as of old—if she means to fight the battle of life by his side, or as his rival. Her cultivated, bright intelligence will have to be put forth—not to lift her up above her every-day employments, but to throw a grace over her common acts, and to make her a centre of holy influences and innocent cheerfulness.

JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE two boys were living in clover, and enjoying all sorts of privileges and immunities hitherto foreign to their experience. They were inseparable companions, and were both getting rarely tanned by summer sunshine, and rarely strong on an unlimited diet and a life spent almost entirely in the open air. On that particular day on which Mr Orme made his great discovery, John, under Jousserau's guidance, had got out his sketch-block, and with borrowed water-colours and brushes was dashing away victoriously at landscape, with a whole new world waking into wonder and beauty about him. At intervals, Master Will would take up his post behind the aspiring artist, and look on with a never-failing approval. Between whiles, he was ruining his garments and strengthening his limbs in the great schoolboy art of bird-nesting. He was back from one of his excursions with an empty starling's nest; and Jousserau, who had an unusual tenderness for all feathered creatures, was complimenting him on having chosen a season for his excursions when he could rob the parent birds neither of their eggs nor of their young. Master Will was listening quite unrepentantly to his sermon, when, from a field or two away, there rose upon the perfumed summer air an amazing shrill sweet piping of a child's voice, singing a hymn-tune, at first scarcely discernible for what it was. The singer had changed its time and its measure, and led it the giddiest heated race imaginable. Jousserau lifted his hand and turned to listen.

'There's Lydia,' cried John.

'Hush!' said the artist, and the boys stood quiet. 'What a wonder!' said Jousserau in his own tongue when the song had finished. 'Is it a bird? A child? An angel? What is it?'

'It's only a little girl we know,' Will answered. 'She's got a pretty voice, and she'll sing for anybody.—Lydia!' he called, 'Lydia!'

There was a shrill cry in answer, and a second later a tiny figure was seen impetuously climbing the gate of the meadow; and the solemn child came fluttering over the grass with a quick dancing step, to which her hands kept a flickering time, as though she moved to some inward inaudible music. She paused before the trio, and Will and John shook hands with her in schoolboy fashion. She went through that function gravely, looking at Jousserau meanwhile.

'Whose pretty child are you?' said the Frenchman in his quaint accent.

She made no answer to this inquiry, but offered her hand to him with an air of staid decorum. He took it smilingly, and drew her towards him;

and she, allowing her serious glance to wander all over him with an air of scrutiny, at length settled her regard upon one of the fine gold earrings he wore. When she had looked at it for some time, she touched it with a forefinger, as if to assure herself of its reality; and then walking gravely round the camp-stool on which he sat, inspected the earring on the other side and touched that also.

The artist's smiling bright face followed her motions attentively. 'Well?' he said.—The child folded both hands behind her and shook her head.—'You do not like—them?'

'No,' said the child decisively. 'Women wear earrings, not men.'

'And princesses,' returned Jousserau in his own language, 'are born to be obeyed.' He took a purse from his pocket, slipped the rings from his ears and put them away. 'Now?' he asked.

'I like you better,' the child answered.

'À la bonne heure!' cried Jousserau. 'Was it you who sang just now?'—The child nodded.—'Will you sing again?' She nodded once more; and drawing a step or two away, still keeping her hands behind her, struck up with that wonderful sweet clear pipe of hers the air of an old Huguenot hymn. Charles Wesley's pious hand had gathered it into the hymnology of his people, and its lovely passionless strain was as familiar in the Black Country of England as in its native Pyrenees. Jousserau heard it with a strange emotion, for his mother had sung it to him many a time in his childhood as she dandled him on her knee. When the little songstress had brought her tune to a close, he drew her towards him and kissed her with glistening eyes. 'So pretty child as you are,' he said, 'must have a *bon ami*.—What is *bon ami* in English, young John?'

'Sweetheart,' responded young John, having cudgelled his brains for a moment.

'Ah, yes!' cried Jousserau. 'Sweetheart.—You have a sweetheart, pretty child? No?'

'Yes,' she said, gravely and lingeringly.

'True?' said Jousserau. 'Who is he?'

The child stretched out a hand and took hold of young John. 'John is my sweetheart,' she said with perfect simplicity and gravity. 'He has been away for a year; but now he is come back again, we shall be married when I grow up.'

'Luckee dog!' said Jousserau, with an accent so quaint and a look so comic that the two boys burst out laughing.

At this point another voice arose from a little distance, this time an adult male organ, purposely gruff and surly: 'Wake up here! Wake up, I say! What brings a man lying in the road, stoppin' up the traffic i' this way? Dost want to get run over by the first wagin as comes this way?'

'That,' explained Lydia, with her customary gravity, 'is the old man from father's. He has gone to sleep in the road.'

The boys scoured off to see what was the matter, and in a second or two were heard shouting to Jousserau, both together: 'It's Mr Orme! It's Mr Orme!'

At this Jousserau ran also to the gate, and beheld Isaiah Winter in the act of stooping over Mr Orme, with both hands under his armpits. Isaiah was red in the face, and was tugging with

all his might, but unavailingly, to raise the disreputable rotund figure.

'The man's either very ill,' said Isaiah, relinquishing his task for a moment, 'or else he's stone intoxicated. He smells powerful strong o' liquor; but that's such a regular usual kind o' thing with him, it's nothing to judge by.—Lend me a hand, Mr Jousserau.'

Jousserau vaulted the gate, and by his aid Isaiah succeeded in bringing Mr Orme to his feet.

'Run away, you boys,' said Isaiah, 'and take the little gell with you. This is no wholesome sight for children.—Come up, you good-for-nothing. What brings him here, in the name of wonder?'

Mr Orme being vigorously shaken to and fro, opened one eye and gazed uncertainly about him. By-and-by, Isaiah came within his sphere of vision, and he smiled. His ordinary smile, as has been said already, was piteous and almost lachrymose; but now for a brief instant he twinkled with an actual jollity, though he went out with a startling suddenness, and falling back unexpectedly on Jousserau, gave the small man as much as he could do to balance him.

'There's a barn close at hand,' said Isaiah; 'we'll put him in among the clean straw and let him have his sleep out.—Come along, you temperance lecture!' So saying, Isaiah took Tobias firmly by one arm, whilst Jousserau guarded him in a similar fashion on the other side, and between them they marched the degraded old wreck along the lane until they came to the outbuilding of which Isaiah had spoken. The doors were open, and there were piles of clean straw within. They laid their burden down here, and were about to leave it, when Jousserau observed the dirty clay bowl of Mr Orme's constant companion protruding from the waistcoat pocket.

'Not safe,' he said, and confiscated the pipe at once.

On this hint they rifled the worthless old gentleman in a search for matches, and he, waking up under the operation, protested blandly. 'Don't give yourselves any further trouble, ge'lemen,' said Tobias; 'I am not worth it.' On this reflection he wept, and said that he was a dreadful moral lesson, and that he hoped that his friends would take example by him. Then he cleared with marvellous quickness, and said that he was a millionaire. 'Help me up,' said Tobias, 'and I'll tell you something.'

Isaiah, not quite understanding the request, which was very indistinctly mumbled, but thinking that he understood Mr Orme's gesture, tugged him to his feet.

'You'd like to know,' said the sordid spectacle, clinging to him, 'but you won't.' He put on an aspect of great cunning, and steadying himself with difficulty, winked twice with painful elaborateness. 'You won't know anything. If you want to know anything, shouldn't throw man's hat over the hedge. That'll cost you thousands, Mr Winter. Hundreds thousands.'

'Let go o' me,' said Isaiah disclaimingly. 'What are you chattering about?'

'Chattering about?' echoed Tobias thickly. 'I'll tell you,' with an air of sudden confidence. 'Coal, my good friend, has been discovered on this side the Great South Staffordshire Fault. On this

side.' He tried to emphasise the word by a stamp of the foot, and in doing so, lost his equilibrium altogether. He and Isaiah releasing their hold simultaneously, he fell back upon the straw, and continued, unconscious of his change of posture: 'It's in Farmer Day's back garden, on the surface.—The owner of the land,' he explained elaborately, as he peered for Isaiah's face among the rafters, 'is unscientific; he is unaware of the value of his discovery.'

Isaiah was in a state of prodigious excitement at this intelligence. It was obvious that the little wretch was absurdly drunk, but in spite of that fact, the amazing intelligence he gave might still be true. He seized him by the coat and dragged him into a sitting posture. 'What's that you say? There's coal in Farmer Day's back garden? Why, the man's a bankrupt, or next door to it; and if that's true, he's got a fortune. Say it again, you scandalous object; say it again.'

'No,' said the scandalous object, shaking his head with an aspect strangely compounded of regret and cunning; 'you might have known all about it, Mr Winter, if you'd treated me properly. But you assaulted an elderly man, Mr Winter, an elderly and defenceless man. I am constitutionally timid—it took him a mighty effort to achieve the word—and your conduct shocked me, shocked me. Mr Winter, I shall tell you nothing; I shall keep my news for Mr Snelling. Mr Snelling is a gentleman, and he and I are going halves.'

Isaiah once more deposited Mr Orme upon the straw, and beckoning Jousserau from the barn, made his way into the lane.

'What is it?' Jousserau asked. 'I do not understand.'

Isaiah explained to him as they went along; and the little artist had no sooner understood, than he caught the infection of Isaiah's excitement. 'He is scoundrel, that fat drunken Orme,' he cried. 'If the coal is there, it is to Mr Day. Is Snelling so much villain he would buy the poor man's land and say nothing?'

'Mr Snelling's a pretty smart man of business,' Isaiah responded. 'Nobody would think the worse of him for doing that.'

'I should,' Jousserau protested.—'Look at that.' He held out his nervous little brown right hand. 'That is all I have; that feeds me, clothes me, helps poor friends, does all. You shall chop it off here,' marking the wrist with a vivid forefinger, 'before I will be so base. Oh no! Justice is the greatest thing.'

'Perhaps you're right,' said Isaiah phlegmatically. 'I'm going to do the straight thing, anyhow. I've got a few cool hundreds at the bank, and if that little fellow's news is true, I shall put 'em at the farmer's service. I've got two or three cool hundreds.' He walked on energetically, and Jousserau kept equal pace with him.

'Tell me,' said the Frenchman, 'if there is coal beyond this—what do you call it?—Fault—is it everywhere under our feet?'

'Most likely,' Isaiah answered.

'Then it will spoil this side, and make it black like the other? Everywhere the dark cloud, everywhere the smoke, the noise, the dirt?'

'Yes,' said Isaiah; 'it'll stretch the Black Country for miles and miles.'

'Then I will hope it shall not be true,' said Jousserau.

'A bit o' dirt's cheap bought,' said Isaiah philosophically, 'if you can feed a million people out of it. Look at Brummagem—it lives on coal. Look at 'Hampton, Bilston, Wedgebury, twenty others—coal keeps the lot of 'em. I can remember many and many a hundred acres growing nothing but grass and thistle, as is covered now with streets and houses, with thousands of happy and contented people in 'em. It's a bit black, to be certain, but what's that matter? It's wholesome. If you'll look at it, Mr Jousserou, you'll see as we're a pretty stalworth set o' people. There's no harm in a bit o' dirt.'

They were at Farmer Day's gate by this time, and Isaiah entering with a rapid step, caught sight of the farmer himself as he passed the kitchen door, and gave a loud 'Hallo!'

'Hallo!' cried Day in answer, appearing in the doorway.—'Oh, it's thee, Isaiah. Come in, lad. There ain't much to ask a friend to nowadays, but what there is, thou'rt welcome to.'

'I'll tell thee what,' returned Isaiah. 'If what I've heard is true, I'm the welcomest man thee'st clapped eyes on this twelve months.—Where's that coal-hole o' thine?'

'Coal-hole?' returned the farmer. 'What coal-hole?'

'I've heard,' said Isaiah, 'that you've found coal on the surface in your back garden.'

'We've lighted on some coal, to be sure,' the farmer responded. 'We was digging for water there. It appears to me,' he added drawingly, 'as somebody must ha' laid in a boat-load in old time. It's most likely been there so long it's got growed over and buried and forgot. It's all growed and welded into one solid lump.'

'Let's have a look at it,' said Isaiah. 'Come along. Where is it? Bring a pick with you.'

'Go round,' said the farmer, with no touch of the excitement which consumed the other. 'I'll meet thee at the back-door.'

A minute later they were standing above the exposed coal-bed. Isaiah bore the pick, but he made no use of it. He looked in silence for a full minute, and then stepping into the hole, took up a fragment from the bed and broke it in his fingers.

'Farmer,' he said, 'you came to me a week or two ago to borrow two hundred and fifty pounds.'

'Well?' said the farmer.

'Same mind still?' demanded Isaiah laconically.

'Yes, lad; more than ever.'

'All right,' said Isaiah. 'You can have it, and a couple of thousand to the back of it.—There's a fortune here.' He raised his hand high, and threw down the lump of coal he had taken up a minute earlier. 'I'm standing here,' he said with a solemn face, 'for all I know, or thee knowest, above uncounted millions. The Bank of England couldn't buy what this means.'

The farmer fairly gaped at him, and without the slightest warning, broke into blubbing tears. He was so surprised at this, that his own amazement checked him, but he could do nothing but stare at Isaiah like a man distraught.

'They put a bum-bailiff' the house this morning,' he said, when he had recovered himself a little. 'That was Bob Snelling's doing. I thought he'd ha' been better-hearted than run

an old friend to ruin for two hundred pound. Fifty he's counted for costs, and I've paid him a hundred a'ready. There's a mortgage falling in for fifteen hundred in ten days. I reckoned on going back to the plough-tail, or turning bailiff for somebody. I dar' not think about th' old woman and the little wench.—D'ye think it's true, Isaiah?'

Isaiah fumbled in his pocket and drew out a cheque-book, greasy with long repose there. He stopped to dust his coal-smeared thumb and finger upon his trousers, and then fluttered the leaves of the cheque-book. 'Come indoors,' he said, 'and I'll show thee whether I think it true or no. I'll take the mortgage here and now, and I'll lend you five hundred to go along with. You give me a paper saying I'm your partner, halves and halves, and we'll work this thing together.'

The farmer shook hands with him, almost frantically, and Jousseran, who was as excited as either, shook hands with both.

'Who's that?' Day asked Isaiah, drawing him on one side and speaking in a whisper.

'He's a lodger o' mine for the time being,' responded Isaiah, 'and as good as gold, though he is a foreigner; and what's more, he hates Bob Snelling like poison.'

'Then he's a friend o' mine,' said Day.—'Young man, I'm pleased to mek your acquaintance. Come indoors.' He had betrayed himself once already, and having had time to think about it, was profoundly ashamed of his own emotion. He went rolling into the house, therefore, with a dogged and inexpressive countenance. 'Missis,' he said, addressing his wife, 'the money troubles seem to be all over. Mr Winter will tell you all about it.'

NATIONAL HABITS OF HOARDING.

FROM the earliest times till now, a love of gold has filled the breast of man alike savage and civilised, being implanted there as an almost ineradicable instinct. This 'gold-hunger' has impelled men in every age to deeds of 'high emprise,' has shaped their thought and coloured their lives. The savage values gold; for its possession gratifies one of the rudimentary feelings of his nature—the passion for personal adornment—a purpose to which gold has been applied, so soon as discovered, by nearly every nation. From being thus the object of universal desire, it acquired a constant value; and as it was eagerly coveted, there was danger as well as difficulty in retaining it securely; hence it came to be hidden and stored in out-of-the-way places. As far back as the remote Homeric times, gold, according to Mr Gladstone, was hoarded up. Large quantities of it were unearthed by Pizarro and Cortez in Peru and Mexico, access to it being forced from the natives under threats of torture or death.

In the absence of the precious metals, the North American Indian lays hold of 'wampumpeag,' which consists of black and white shells made into beads strung into belts or necklaces. These wampum beads are collected by the Indian chief,

who regards them with the affection of a miser for his glittering hoard; and for security, they are placed in forest glades, by lonely lakes, or deep below the wigwam fires.

The same love of finery animated the Goths and Celts as they rolled their gold into spiral finger-rings, or welded it into uncouth-looking necklets, armlets, and bracelets, which they wore on their persons. The ancient Egyptians were fond of like ornamentation, and they concealed their valuables in well-sheltered spots. In ancient Greece it was customary to hide coined money in the temples, and to bury it deep in the ground. Many coins found in a good state of preservation establish the existence of extensive hoards in these far-back times. The natives of Calabar appear to bury their treasure as a dog hides his bone in the earth, for they have no other place of security in which to deposit it.

But an immense amount of hoarding occurs even with nations who enjoy the means of safe-keeping which banking affords; among such are the various tribes and peoples of which India is composed, that country being par excellence the land of hoarding. In China there are in existence very stringent laws against hoarding.

The precious metals have possessed in many respects a greater importance among eastern than western nations, serving as materials for the fabrication of articles of ornament or luxury. Unlike the western, the eastern races have yielded to the tyranny and exaction of their rulers; and pitiable would have been the condition of the latter races had there not been some form of property the possession of which could be concealed without impairing its value. In a word, it is oppression which has primarily led to hoarding; or, as Sir Charles Trevelyan phrases it, the system of hoarding arises from habits induced by ages of misgovernment. These habits and their corrupt source are thus described by an old writer on Hindustan: 'The rajahs never allow their subjects to rise above mediocrity. The Mohammedan governors look upon the growing riches of their subjects as a boy on a bird's nest: they eye their progress with impatience, and come with a spoiler's hand and ravish the fruits of their labours. To counteract this, the Gentoos bury their money underground, and often with such secrecy as not to trust even their own children with the knowledge of it; and it is amazing what they will suffer rather than betray it. Their tyrants use all manner of corporal punishments, but that often fails; for with a resentment prevailing over the love of life, they frequently rip up their bowels or poison themselves, and carry their secret to the grave.' The period referred to was one of insecurity, when wars, by disturbing peaceful pursuits, swelled the number of those subsisting on spoil. It was the time, too, of the warlike Mahratta, the Pindaree robber, and the Mogul tyrant emperor. A necessity was thus laid on all who had no desire to be despoiled, to hide their hoards; and these were representative of the most condensed form of value in which wealth could be expressed; while the place of deposit was a guarantee for the ultimate safety of the hoards.

But though British law has supplanted native rule to a great extent, and the fear of personal as well as material danger no longer exists,

hoarding still continues, the hereditary habit being too powerful to be readily broken up after enduring for centuries. An attempt was made by the British government in 1882 to get hold of hoards by offering high rates of interest for them; but it turned out a failure.

It is difficult to estimate the amount of gold hoarded in India; but it was approximated before the Royal Commission on Bimetallism at one hundred and thirty millions sterling, which was the amount imported during the last fifty years, and is exclusive of the hoards for centuries past. The silver was computed at about one hundred and seventy millions. This yields for both gold and silver a sum of three hundred millions, which represents nearly one-third of the value of the total amount of coin (£1,000,000,000) estimated by Dr Soetbeer to be in circulation in the world.

The form which the hoarding takes is that of bullion or coin, and frequently the metal is made into ornaments, partly used for the purposes of adornment, and partly kept as a hoard. As a rule, the native prefers it in the form of ornaments for his family, because it is a hoard; and it is also a source of gratification to them to possess these ornaments. The simplest form of jewel or ornament worn by the natives is the thick gold or silver wire twisted into bangles or bracelets. The latter are made by the silver-smith, to whom the poor Hindu betakes himself when he has saved a few rupees. These are soon melted and beaten up into the necessary article of ornament and hoard. Silver is also hammered into brooches and torques in imitation of knotted grass and leaves; while armlets, anklets, and such-like are freely fabricated. Solid or hollow gold lumps, in the form of cubes and octahedrons strung on red silk, appear as another form of stored wealth. As may be supposed, the gods of India, which are many, absorb much of the molten gold and silver of the country. One notable design is called *Swami*, and consists of an ornamentation of figures of Hindu gods in high-relief, beaten out from the surface, or fixed by solder or screws. In Southern India, there are vast stores of gold and silver in the temples. The poor people have no strong-boxes or safes in which to place their valuables, and so they generally put their hard cash and ornaments within brass *lotas* or *bahagunas*, and then bury them underground somewhere in the room in which they sleep, preferring for this purpose the ground below their beds, or disused wells and other out-of-the-way places.

Jewelry stands high commercially in India, for it always commands a ready sale. A jewel there is a veritable 'joy-giver,' as the origin of the word implies. It is reckoned the most solid kind of wealth; and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewels. They perform a great matrimonial function, the poorest bride having her dowry, often equal in value to several years' of the bridegroom's income. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owner is, that his hoards are not taxed, for he may be possessed of jewelry worth one hundred thousand rupees, and yet pay no income tax, for the simple reason that the hoards yield him no income.

But hoards take also the form of coined money

and bullion or bars of gold as well as jewelry. At the present time, it is believed that ten millions of British sovereigns are hoarded in India, chiefly in the Bombay Presidency, where the impression on them of St George and the dragon appears to be valued on religious grounds. There are also vast quantities of the native coinage stored, the mohur being the principal coin in hoards. It is of gold, and of the weight and fineness of a silver rupee, its value being about thirty shillings. This hoarding absorbs all the gold that pours into India, and very much of the silver, although the latter is the circulating medium. As the natives get wealthy, they prefer gold. A wealthy man will prefer ornaments of gold for his family rather than silver; and the very poorest classes use ornaments made of some base metal, neither gold nor silver, but in which there may be some silver.

Gold is also distributed in connection with ceremonies. It is a custom among the natives of India to give you what is called 'pawn,' which is the signal for you to leave after an interview, and some gold is used for ornaments bestowed in this way. In Delhi alone it was estimated that one hundred pounds a day was used in manufacture connected with 'pawn.'

In the courts of the native princes of India hoarding takes place on a vast scale. The Maharajah of Burdwan died lately and left a large hoard. It proves that anterior to 1835 there was much hoarding, when it is stated that the Maharajah had withdrawn from his store two hundred and thirty thousand pounds of silver, which was in the form of Sikka rupees, none of which have been coined since 1835. A letter was submitted to the Royal Commission on the subject of the Maharajah's hoard. A description was given of the several treasure-houses in the estate, their dimensions, and their contents: 'One large room measuring about forty-eight feet in length, fourteen feet six inches in breadth, and thirteen feet nine inches in height, where gold and silver ornaments, and ornaments set with precious stones, are kept. These articles are in *almirahs* and boxes of all descriptions, and also some gold plates and cups, *thalies* and *katorahs*, as well as washing-bowls, jugs, &c.' Other two rooms contain silver domestic utensils, forks, spoons, &c., and, strange to say, English dinner and breakfast sets all of silver. Two of these rooms were under lock, and the doors bricked up. There are four other rooms, one containing ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones, gold ornaments and throne; other two containing the reserve treasury, which included the estate collections and government securities and debentures; while the other is thus described: 'The fourth room measures about twenty-two feet six inches in length, fifteen feet in breadth, and twelve feet three inches in height, where there are two large-sized vaults prepared for hoarding the current silver coin; and since the year 1267 B.C., some money was from time to time put in and taken out by the Maharajah Mahtab Chund Bahadoor for the expenses of an emergent and extraordinary nature, such as the late Maharajah Aftab Chund Bahadoor's marriage, Lala Bun Behari Kapur's marriage, and buying landed properties. When he died, one lac was left in one of the vaults.' In another apartment the ornaments belonging

to different gods of the family were kept, and silver *thalers*, *sapais*, &c., for the religious purpose, the room being locked and sealed. It was the custom of the Burdwan Raj family to confide the custody of these valuables to the Maharanee for the time being; but the vaults were never inspected save in presence of the Maharajah. When sums were withdrawn, only relations and trustworthy servants were admitted into the room and vault. Treasurers and dewans used to be present outside the room or apartment, where the sum drawn was sent out (female guards being placed in the passage), for the purpose of weighing, counting, and bagging it before it was sent to the mint.

Other instances of hoarding were given by an officer of the Indian Post-office in 1886, who stated that a native prince was then hoarding gold at the rate of forty to fifty thousand pounds a year; and on the death of two native princes recently, it was believed that they had left four million sterling each. One of these princes took a loan of half a million from the government of India in 1877, when he must have been in possession of a large hoard himself, for it is a point of honour with a family not to break into a hoard, which is treated with the sacredness of a family picture. When the prince in question had to make a payment to the government of India for a purpose in which he was interested, and was asked when he could make the payment—a payment of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds—he said: ‘At any moment.’

Hoarders are only drawn on in extreme cases, and it is such calamities as war, or the great famine in Madras or Bombay, that will bring them out. During these famines, bullion or ornaments were taken out of the hoards and sent to the Bombay Mint, to England, or pledged with the native banker or money-lender. But unless under very special circumstances, the gold and silver of which the hoards are composed are drawn in without any intention of returning to circulation again.

In these days of gold appreciation and silver depreciation, the absorption of gold on so vast a scale becomes a serious question. It may well be asked, What prospect is there of an early termination of this gold-hunger and hoarding? We fear some centuries must elapse before any serious diminution of it takes place. Much will depend on the growth of western civilisation and ideas among the natives of India, and such a change in the disposition and habits of the people as will lead them to place their means in investments which will yield a certain rate of return. Already they are to a slight extent reaping remuneration from cotton mills and other industrial investments; while the permanent institution of Post-office savings-banks bids fair to be largely taken advantage of by them.

Quitting the semi-civilised nations of the East, we now turn to the habits of the less hoarding and more civilised western nations. It has been remarked generally, that thrifty people like the French, Swiss, Belgians, and Dutch hoard coin more than the Scotch and English. The Irish were addicted to hoarding bank-notes; but the practice prevailed in former years more than now. In Italy, large quantities of gold and silver were hoarded from 1862 to 1865, because paper money

was then declared legal tender, or forced on the country. In 1881-83, the gold standard was established in Italy, and the gold necessary to effect this change was drawn to a great extent from hoards. In France, a great deal of hoarding has existed for a long time, especially among the peasantry, who are the most parsimonious in Europe. Many causes have contributed to the formation of this habit, not the least being the insecurity arising from the unsettled forms of government in France. Lately, however, these hoards have been extensively drawn on in connection with the payment, at the close of the Franco-German War, of the French indemnity of eighty millions sterling. Of this amount, one half was paid out of French hoards. An ex-governor of the Bank of England, in his evidence before the Bimetallism Commission, estimates the contributions from hoards as equal to two-thirds of the amount of the indemnity. In illustration of peasant-hoarding, he related how one of the leading French bankers told him that at the time of the siege of Paris he left Paris to go and look at his estate in the neighbourhood. He went up to one of the peasants and told him that he had just come out to look after his affairs, and that he was very anxious to pay his people their wages, but that, under the circumstances, he had no money. The peasant said: ‘If forty thousand francs [sixteen hundred pounds] are any good to you, I have got them in a stocking under my bed; and I will go and fetch them.’ They were in gold coin. These hoards the French government wisely attracted by offering inducements to the peasant classes in the way of preferential allotment of the *Rentes*, or through premium on the price paid.

Hoarders are not common in Germany; but there is a large war-hoard lying at Juliusthurm, in Spandau, belonging to the government, of one hundred and twenty million marks, or six millions sterling, which goes under the name of the German Empire War Treasure.

In Great Britain, civilisation is too far advanced, and the love of interest on capital too great, to allow of habits like the foregoing making headway. Any hoarding there may be consists for the most part of those coins—jubilee, token, and current ones, as the case may be—which have found their way into museums and coin-hunters’ cabinets.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER II.

By dint of long morning lounges in the County Club, of which select institution he was a member, Colonel Sandhurst succeeded in killing the three heavy days which divided him from his son's company. Not that he was altogether a martyr to boredom, for there were many delicate plans to be finally settled; last, but not least, the master-stroke of inviting his ward, Miss Ethel Morton, and her aunt to be his guests for a few days, and thus bring the heiress in immediate and close contact with Captain Frank Sandhurst, his reputation and his Victoria Cross. This latter coveted trophy had been won some twelve months before in one of the recent South African wars.

The diplomatic old soldier stood in the elegant

private sitting-room devoted to his use, consulting his watch impatiently, for it was approaching the hour of seven, and the expected travellers were due; it having been so arranged that they might travel down from London together, and thus cement the friendship. It was therefore a considerable disappointment to the Colonel when the ladies arrived by themselves, the recalcitrant swain having failed them at the last moment.

'He will be here by the mail,' Miss Morton explained, when the preliminary greetings were over. 'It was some tiresome business at the War Office, I believe he said. Perhaps the Commander-in-chief required his opinion upon some important matter. But really I am so hungry that I can't sympathise with you over the terrible affliction.'

Colonel Sandhurst pulled the bell with more than necessary violence, while his fair visitor looked out on the broad street below with languid interest. She was a pleasant, merry-looking blonde, with fair hair, and kindly blue eyes full of mischief; but withal sympathetic and true as steel to her friends. Miss Cramer, the aunt in question, was a gentle placid nobody, who was only too glad of the opportunity to efface herself on every occasion, the sort of easy-going old lady who, if properly clad and regularly fed, asked nothing more from her fellow-creatures. If asked what she lived for, she would have shaken her head smilingly, and declined the solution of so solemn and unnecessary a problem.

Over his soup and glass of brown sherry, the colonel succeeded in recovering his lost equanimity. The dinner was well served, the Wye trout and ducklings delicately cooked, and the colonel was but mortal. By the time the peaches had arrived, his brown face beamed with hospitable smiles. 'Beautiful neighbourhood,' he observed patronisingly, 'and salmon-fishing excellent.—Now, if there was only a house on the Bartonsham property, we might make a pleasant summer here.'

'I suppose the people are civilised?' Miss Ethel returned, helping herself to some grapes. Miss Cramer had long since dropped into one of her waking trances. 'Let us go and sit out on that pretty balcony among the flowers, and study the Castlefordian in his native lair, as we used to do at San Remo. Besides, I know you want a cigar.'

They took their chairs out on to the balcony in the fading light, looking north to an old church with tall gray spire; and immediately before them, beyond the elms where the noisy rooks were swinging, rose the square cathedral tower. The Colonel lay back and smoked his tobacco with a feeling of perfect tranquillity and contentment.

'Yes,' he continued, 'it is a great pity there is no house at Bartonsham. In that case we might stay here till the autumn, and learn something of the county. They say the Wye tour is as beautiful as the Rhine.'

'Why not build a house?' asked the listener, toying with a rosebud.

'Ah, but you see I have a better plan than that. It is so long since you were here before that you probably forget Fernleigh.'

'Indeed, I do not; that is, if you mean that beautiful place on the Lugwardine Road. I believe I coveted that house more than any one I ever

saw. When I get old and careworn, I shall like to have just such another place to call my own.'

'Perhaps there are more unlikely things than that, because, you see, I am in negotiation for the purchase of that very house.'

'Indeed!—Do you mean to say the owner is actually selling it?'

In spite of his jubilation at this outburst on Miss Ethel's part, the gallant Colonel's conscience gave him a sharp twinge. It seemed very strange that he could not help being conscious of a certain guilty feeling of remorse for the part he was playing. 'Yes; but not from choice. It appears that there is some law business pending in which the owner is interested. I never had any head for that kind of thing, consequently I did not pay much attention to Heath's explanation.'

'It seems very hard,' said Miss Ethel sympathetically, as she watched the golden points of flame. 'Having a pet lawsuit of my own, I can feel for the luckless owner. But then men do not feel the same sentiment in these things as women do.'

'But you see the owner happens to be—a lady.'

'And you are actually going to turn her out?—Colonel Sandhurst, I am ashamed of you! Really, you should'—

But any further scolding for the Colonel was interrupted at this moment by the rattle of wheels below and the sound of a well-known voice giving orders to an hotel servant. In less time than it takes to tell, Colonel Sandhurst was grasping his soldier-son's left hand, the right being supported across his breast by a silk bandage. The Colonel's lip quivered slightly, his eyes glistened as he looked into his boy's face. Miss Ethel gave a rapid sign to Miss Cramer, fortunately awake, and together they left the room, closing the door behind them; and a full hour had elapsed before they were missed by the serenely happy father.

The next morning being perfectly fine and breakfast over, the Colonel proposed a walk, a proposition declined by Miss Morton on the ground that she had a vast amount of business in the way of shopping to do. So the Colonel, nothing loth, started off with Frank Sandhurst to explore the lions of the town. They passed through the Close, under the ancient elms shading a smooth shaven lawn, into the Castle Green, where erstwhile a border fortress stood, with the silver Wye at its feet and the smiling landscape beyond. A pleasant spot to pass an hour in the leafy shade with a glimpse of the old moat, and white swans floating on the water, and the air laden with the fragrance of the hawthorn. For a time they sat in silence, this old war-worn warrior and his gallant son, watching the flowing water as it hurried downwards to the sea.

'It is good to be in England again,' Frank observed at length. 'After that broiling climate out there, the sight of a green field and cool stream makes it seem like home.'

'No place like England, after all,' rejoined the Colonel. 'And, talking about home, I hope you have made up your mind to stay. If I let you have the place here with the house I am buying, don't you think you might cut the army, and settle down in the usual fashion?'

'By which you mean matrimony, of course.—To tell you the truth, I have never given the

matter anything but the most vague consideration. Naturally, I shall marry some day; that is, if I can find some "fair impossible she" who is rash enough to care for me.

The Colonel stole a side-glance at the speaker's manly figure and handsome bronzed features, and thought that such a contingency was by no means so remote as the modest youth would imply. 'You have not seen one up to now, then?'

'Well, n-no,' Frank returned doubtfully. 'I was never much of "a squire of dames." There was one girl I met out yonder; I very nearly forgot her. Yes, perhaps if I had had more opportunity, I might— Dad, she was the nicest girl I ever came across—one of the nurses, you know.'

'An hospital nurse!' said the Colonel coldly. 'Not precisely the wife a Sandhurst would generally choose.'

'More fool the Sandhurst, then,' Frank replied as coolly. 'And as a matter of fact I may mention that if it hadn't been for that same lady—as she was a lady, too—you and I would not be sitting here to-day.'

'That is always the way with you romantic boys—every little service rendered and paid for in the usual way is magnified into a great debt of gratitude.'

'If life is worth living, then I owe mine to her.'

'And probably would lay it at her feet, after the good old-fashioned lines laid down in ancient comedy,' returned the father, pulling his long moustache in some irritation. 'And regret it ever afterwards.'

'She had a beautiful face,' Frank continued, speaking as if to himself; 'a perfect face; fair, with glorious violet eyes. Fancy her coming all the way from England to nurse a brother who was wounded! He died, you see; and she stayed on to do all the good she might. Then she found me unconscious, and at death's door, and nursed me to life, God bless her! because I was something like her lost one. Under Providence, I owe my health and strength to her.'

'It was nobly done,' cried the Colonel, catching some of his son's enthusiasm. 'I should like to hear the name of this angel of mercy.'

'That is precisely what I can't tell you. I did ask her more than once when I was getting better; but she never would disclose her identity. "Call me Gladys," she would say; "it reminds me of my dear brother;" and Gladys I always called her afterwards.'

'Um! You seem to have done considerably well for an invalid,' said the Colonel grimly; 'fortunately, that kind of romance soon wears itself out. And besides, I have formed other plans for you.'

'That's uncommonly kind of you,' returned the younger man as grimly. 'Let us be candid.—Who is the lady you have chosen?'

'What do you say to Ethel Morton?'

Frank burst into a laugh so spontaneous and full of merriment, that the Colonel was compelled to stroke his moustache to hide a half-smile, though his face preserved the same look of judicial gravity.

'My dear father, you can't be serious? Consider how long we have known each other, and how well we understand the weaknesses of each

other's disposition. Besides which, there is another Richmond in the field.'

'Oh, indeed,' cried the Colonel ruefully. 'That's the first I've heard of it.'

'It didn't take me long to find it out. You don't suppose that a really nice girl like Ethel can go through the best part of two London seasons without admirers?—Cresswell told me.'

'Oh, it's Cresswell, is it? Now I come to remember, he has been uncommonly civil to me the last month or two.'

'That's the gay Lothario. We had a talk about Castleford a few days ago, more particularly touching the salmon-fishing. He seemed to be very much inclined to run down here for a week or two. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he turned up at any moment.'

When a man has been nursing a pet scheme for some years, till it becomes almost a part and parcel of his existence, the sense of defeat is very humiliating. And so the Colonel found it at this moment. Not that he altogether despaired; but then Sir Edwin Cresswell was a gentleman of fortune and irreproachable social position, such as no guardian would have the right to dismiss on politic grounds.

'I might have anticipated something like this,' he replied in much perturbation. 'That is the worst of having girls to deal with.' So saying, Colonel Sandhurst rose from his seat and strolled townwards. Not that this unexpected contretemps affected his opinion respecting the purchase of Fernleigh; though he felt somewhat sore, and not a little inclined to be quarrelsome even with his much-beloved, who walked alongside with a grave face, at the same time observing a discreet silence.

'So the Morton scheme is postponed *sine die*?' he asked, as the Colonel made a pause at length on the club steps.—'No, thank you; I am not going into the club this morning. If you don't mind, I will look up Ethel, and give her my assistance in the proposed raid upon the local tradesmen.'

Frank Sandhurst stood for some moments before his hotel door, idly smoking, and contemplating the passers-by. In a small country the contemplation of human nature is apt to pall, even with the most enthusiastic student of his fellow-men; and Sandhurst, after a few moments, felt his interest in Castleford affairs to be rapidly fading. A native of the sunny South grinding popular tunes upon an ear-piercing organ, and the gyrations of some merry children, were not calculated to rivet attention; but presently, when a slight elegant figure in deep mourning emerged from a chemist's shop opposite, and walked rapidly towards All Saints' Church, the young gentleman's languid interest quickened into something like emotion. 'If that isn't Gladys, my eyes greatly deceive me.' Saying these words, to the extreme astonishment of a passing stranger he dropped his cigarette and started in pursuit of the rapidly vanishing figure. Turning along High Street, she proceeded in the direction of High Town, where Frank arrived just in time to see her disappear into a passage between two shops, on the lintel of one being a brass plate bearing the legend, 'Heath and Starling, Solicitors.'

'Well, I'm in luck so far,' murmured the discomfited youth, as he gazed blankly at the dim

portals beyond which the peri had flown. 'Mem. To cultivate my old friend Heath's acquaintance without further delay. It wouldn't be a bad dodge to leave my card and ask him to call round at *The Dragon* after dinner.'

It was not until some time after the meal in question that the lawyer made his appearance. He found Sandhurst and Miss Ethel seated on the balcony, the Colonel being engaged to take a hand at whist with a trio of old military acquaintances, a class of gentlemen who abound in the majority of cathedral towns. At this apparently deep stroke of diplomacy to engender confidence and hasten the consummation of love's young dream, Mr Heath smiled to himself, but what he said was that it was a beautiful evening and delightful after the hot afternoon.

'Why haven't you been to see me before?' Ethel demanded. 'I can't come to you now, as I used to in the old days, and upset the inkpot over your cleanly engrossed parchments.'

'Do you remember that?' the lawyer asked. 'What a memory, to be sure! The trouble we used to have with you two. It makes me feel quite old when I see the captain here, who was only a boy yesterday.'

'I was very nearly calling upon you this afternoon, only I did not like to disturb you,' Frank replied. 'Mind, I am not asking out of an impertinent curiosity, but I should like to know who the young lady in black is—the one who paid you a visit this morning?'

'This is a chapter out of an unwritten romance,' Ethel explained. 'The wounded hero present before you; the gently nurtured girl who braves a foreign clime to nurse the prostrate warrior. The brave soldier recovers, and seeks his nurse; but she has disappeared. In plain English, Frank thinks in the fair visitor of yours he has discovered the girl who, he maintains, saved his life.'

'There is not a doubt of it,' said Frank, with a warm flush upon his cheek. 'Have you any objection to tell me her name?'

'Not in the least, my dear fellow. That was Miss Charlesworth, the only daughter of my very dear friend and client, Mrs Charlesworth, of Fernleigh.'

'And her name is Gladys?'

'Perfectly right. Gladys Violet, to be correct.'

'Then it is a romance,' Ethel cried enthusiastically. 'Is it a fact that she went to Africa to nurse a wounded brother?'

'Perfectly true, my dear,' Mr Heath replied more gravely. 'It was impossible for Mrs Charlesworth to go, so she went almost alone. Conventionally speaking, perhaps it was not quite—'

'Oh, bother conventionality!' was the abrupt reply. 'It was a noble thing to do. How many girls would have dared to do the same?—The name seems familiar to me. I fancy Colonel Sandhurst told me something—'

'That he had bought Fernleigh, perhaps?'

'Oh yes; I remember now.—Mrs Charlesworth has got into difficulties over some wretched law business, and is compelled to sell her house. What a pity it seems, and such nice people, I hear!'

'It is a very old story,' Mr Heath observed bitterly. 'There is a large sum of money in dispute, which is claimed on a young lady's be-

half by her friends. You see, Mrs Charlesworth's grandfather, Martin Hay'—

A sudden exclamation from Miss Morton cut short the conclusion. 'Why, you are talking about my very own case. If I am right, then Mrs Charlesworth and myself must be related.'

'You are the Miss Morton, plaintiff in this action?' asked Heath helplessly. 'Why did I not guess as much before? Of course, Martin Hay was your great-grandfather, and but for the missing assignment'—

'Oh, I am tired of hearing about that wretched document; in fact, reprehensible as it seems, I have not taken the slightest interest in the proceedings. Do you think there was any such paper?'

'Certainly, because I once had it in my own hands.'

'If it can be found, I have no right to any of this money?'

'Not a penny of it. But as it can't be found, and there seems to be no prospect of its turning up, you are legally entitled to all.'

'Legally? But what about morally? And I have more than enough now.'

Frank, who had been listening in lost amazement to this, to him, inscrutable mystery, at this point asked for an explanation. In a few words Mr Heath told the whole story, touching briefly but clearly upon the strong attachment Mrs Charlesworth had for her old home. For a time there was a dead silence between them.

'Ethel, what do you think of it?' Sandhurst asked presently.

It was too dark by this time to see the girl's face. She did not reply for a moment, and when she spoke there was a strange catch in her voice, as if she enunciated her words with difficulty. 'I think,' she said slowly—'I think that, if I have a voice in the matter, Fernleigh will not change hands just yet.'

THE MILK-INDUSTRY IN CHESHIRE.

THE county of Chester has long been conspicuous as a chief centre of the milk-industry in England. The total area of land and water in the county is 705,493 acres, and in 1887 it contained 103,587 cows and heifers in milk or in calf. Of permanent grass, exclusive of heath or mountain land, the county contains 363,021 acres, of which 254,864 acres are in pasture, the remainder being mown every year for meadow-hay. Lancashire, Somersetshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire have each a larger number of cows, and are noted for the production of milk; but they have a much larger area than Cheshire, and not so many cows in proportion. Derbyshire is less extensive, and contains fewer cows, but has taken a prominent place in the production of milk, and now furnishes a large proportion of the metropolitan supply.

In Cheshire, the milk-industry includes the making of cheese, butter, and condensed milk, besides the sale of sweet milk, which has greatly increased in recent years. Within the past twenty years the trade there, as in other counties, has undergone a quiet revolution. The sale of milk

to towns and cities has enormously increased; while the making of cheese and butter has been largely transferred to factories. In other days, the dairy-farm showed a busy round of cheese and butter making; and the work was all performed, or at least carefully superintended, by the farmer's wife or other female relative. The farmer himself worked or superintended on the farm outside; the matron was uncontrolled in the management of the cowhouse and dairy. Often the duties of the wife were heavier, more monotonous, and less attractive than those of the husband. No doubt the work was well managed, and it was a point of honour to produce a most excellent article; but the toil was hard, and the work altogether sloppy and uninviting. It also required constant attention, often interlarded with other family duties, and was considered to be only indifferently remunerated. To become the wife of a dairy-farmer required a certain amount of courage; and for similar reasons it was not easy to obtain dairymaids with sufficient activity, as girls disliked the constant confinement and drudgery.

A change in the system began twenty years since, and has extended gradually to all the milk counties. Cheese-makers were threatened with strong competition from America, where the factory system had been established, apparently with good results; and it was judged necessary to try the same method in England. A meeting of landlords and tenant farmers, members of the Derbyshire Agricultural Society, was held in 1869, when a Committee was appointed, and a guarantee fund formed, with a view to the establishment of one or more cheese factories. One was constructed at Derby, and another at Longford, in the same county; over the portals of the latter were inscribed the words, 'This is the first Cheese Factory erected in Great Britain.' Advocated though it was by able agricultural writers, the system did not spread rapidly; but in three or four years, twenty or thirty factories had been established, chiefly in the midland counties. In 1881 there were twelve in Derbyshire alone; and a number have been added since. Among those lately erected is one at which the milk of three to four hundred cows is made into cheese. Another is designed to turn out all kinds of dairy produce. Milk is bought by weight, not by measure, and the cream is at once removed by a Laval separator. The separated milk is sold in cans to dealers, or retailed at the rate of one penny per quart, along with new milk sent out to the towns and villages of the district.

Nothing in connection with the milk-industry is more remarkable than the great increase in the sale of milk itself. Facilities for this have been afforded by the opening of railway communication; and in other respects the carriage of milk has been made more safe and easy. One recent improvement has been the power to artificially destroy animal heat and odour by refrigeration; in consequence of which, milk may be carried any reasonable distance and delivered perfectly sweet. Some figures connected with Derbyshire will serve to illustrate the great increase in the sale of milk. The quantity passed along the Midland Railway in 1872, chiefly to London, was estimated at 940,000 gallons; but in 1880 it had

reached five and a half million gallons; and in the twelve months ending with October 1888 the quantity was 8,393,292 gallons. It is carried by fast and by slow trains; and, where necessary and the traffic is sufficiently important, special trains are run for the conveyance of milk. The consumption of milk in London is enormous, but the demand is capricious; and arrangements must be made with a view to have an adequate supply without waste. On a hot day in summer any quantity of milk can be sold in London. A general holiday, or any great public event that keeps working-people at home, and gives them leisure for a good breakfast, will increase the demand; and for a similar reason, the consumption is large on Saturday and Sunday. Vast quantities are used by vendors of ices with their barrows at the corner of every street. With a view to keep matters in hand, maintaining a sufficient supply, and yet not having a quantity of sour milk on hand, wholesale dealers have begun to work their traffic in conjunction with a cheese factory, which they usually manage to establish near a railway station, and within easy communication by telegraph. The probable wants of their customers for the day can be ascertained early; and if more is wanted, a telegram can get it sent by the next train; while the cheese-making for the day can be regulated to suit the quantity of milk on hand at the factory. The increased sale of milk is beneficial to all concerned. The railway company finds the traffic so important and remunerative, that milk-vans have been provided, and even special trains run for its conveyance. For London, with its four millions of people, it is of vast consequence that milk can be so easily brought a distance of a hundred miles and upwards, especially now that, in counties nearer the city, so much space is devoted to market gardens and the production of other perishable commodities. To the farmers, also, it has been a decided benefit, and one farmer in Derbyshire candidly confessed, some time ago, that 'it had been the only thing that had kept him on his legs.'

The manufacture of cheese and butter will probably be increasingly done in factories. Their progress hitherto has not been rapid, nor have they been always financially successful. Cheese made in the factories at first was by no means perfect; and the price, though higher than the average, was considerably under that of the best makes. By experience, however, the management has been perfected, and now the quality is so satisfactory that the produce of certain factories takes a high place at Cheese Exhibitions. The character of the system may be illustrated by some statements regarding a Cheshire factory conducted on the co-operative principle. There are twenty-four farms represented, including five hundred to five hundred and fifty cows. The largest contributor has one hundred and fifty shares; the smallest has only four. On the formation of the Company, a suitable site was selected, not more than three miles from any of the farms; a long lease was obtained, and suitable buildings were erected. The whole number of people required to deal with the milk of five hundred and fifty cows consists of two men and two women, with an additional man to look after the pigs, of which one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty

are kept in the height of the season to consume the whey. Milk is sent in from all the farms, and is weighed on its arrival, ten pounds weight generally corresponding to a gallon. The evening milk is placed in a cheese-vat as soon as it arrives, and is prevented from setting by the action of a stirrer, which is worked by a small water-wheel. The morning milk having been added to that received the previous evening, cheese-making begins for the day. In private dairies, the milk is scarcely heated except by adding the warm milk of the morning to that which has been kept from the previous evening; but in factories it is raised to eighty-four degrees or even one hundred degrees when the rennet is introduced. A little over ten pounds of milk is required to make one pound of cheese, except in autumn, when the milk has a greater body, and eight pounds will suffice.

A weekly return shows the quantity of milk received from each contributor morning and evening on each day of the week, the total number of pounds received at each meal, and the number of pounds of milk used at each making of cheese. Every contributor is supplied with a pass-book, having lines for the days of the month, and divisions for the morning and evening milk. On the cover is a particular request that the book be sent to the factory at the end of each month to be compared with the milk ledger. Payments are made monthly to the contributors at the rate of sixpence a gallon; and the balance, after making allowance for depreciation and working expenses, is afterwards divided according to the quantities supplied from each farm.

The plan of cheese-making at the factories differs in certain specific points from the ordinary Cheshire method; and as one result of the new system, the cheese matures more rapidly. It is ready for the market in five or six weeks, and has sometimes been sent out within fourteen days after it was made. Cheshire cheeses usually weigh about twenty-five pounds, and are generally, but not always, flat-shaped, as that kind suits best for the market in London, Birmingham, Newcastle, and other places. Another great point in favour of the factory system is the saving of labour, anxiety, and risk of failure at the different farms; and the quality of cheese, which is usually made on the Cheddar plan, is more uniform, though it does not equal the highest quality of home-made cheese.

One milk-industry in Cheshire is the manufacture of condensed milk. At one factory, which takes large quantities of milk from farms within a radius of eight miles, about one hundred and twenty hands are employed. The milk is bought by weight, 10·30 pounds being the standard per gallon; and the factory can deal with six thousand gallons per day, and works all the year round. In summer, when milk is abundant, the factory presents a very animated scene. Carts in quick succession come driving up to the weighing-house, the cans are emptied into a large receiver, the weight entered, and a sample of the milk taken, so that the quality may be ascertained. When milk is below the standard in quality, a complaint is made, and if no improvement follows, the milk is refused.

The condensation takes place with or without sugar, according as the article is required for

keeping or for immediate use. The milk that has been received and weighed is conducted by pipes into tanks, whence it passes into milk-cans, placed in water heated to a temperature approaching the boiling-point. After remaining about twenty minutes, it passes into large coppers with steam-jackets, where it is kept for a short time, and sugar is added if required. The milk is then passed into vacuum pans, where the proper proportion of water is discharged as steam, and condensed in coils of pipes, over which water trickles. At this point in the process, great care is required, and samples are frequently inspected. When the proper degree of condensation is reached, the fluid is run into a series of cans, which are made to revolve slowly in running-water. The making of the cans, soldering, filling, and closing, are chiefly done by girls and boys, who are supplied with very ingenious machinery for the work. As a rule, the whole process of manufacture is completed at dinner-time, after which the whole apparatus is thoroughly cleansed, preparatory to the work of the following day. The churns are cleansed by subjecting them to a jet of steam. No work is done on Sundays; the milk of Saturday night and Sunday morning is retained at the farms, and either churned for butter or made into cheese. On the third of each month, payment is made to each contributor for the previous month's milk.

A not unimportant contribution to the total supply of dairy produce is furnished by the wives of working-men. In Derbyshire, according to a recent Parliamentary Return, there are 4053 garden allotments attached to cottages held by labourers and working-men at an average rent of £5, 3s. 7d. including the cottage. Many occupants of these cottages keep pigs and poultry, and some of them keep cows. Labourers who live in villages adjoining the park at Chatsworth are permitted to pasture their cows within the park for twenty-one weeks from May till October, at a charge of three pounds for each cow. In this way some cottagers keep one cow, some two, and others as many as three or four. From the milk of these cows butter is usually made, and there is a good demand for it to meet the wants of tourists and visitors during summer. Sometimes three or four families join, and take their turn in making butter from the conjoint produce, each keeping back sufficient for the family wants. To protect themselves in case any cow should die, these cottagers are generally members of some Cow Insurance Club.

The factory system, or associated dairying, has been largely developed in the United States and Canada in recent years. The first factory was established in the State of New York in 1860, and so successful was it, that there were nearly five hundred in operation in the same State within six years. The system spread throughout the other States, and what became known as the 'American system of dairying' was introduced, as we have seen, into England, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Holland. The introduction about 1872 of oleo-margarine, a preparation of beef-fat, into the system of cheese and butter making has damaged the American dairy business not a little. American dairy cheese is made under the well-known Cheddar system. In 1880 there were 3932 cheese and butter factories in the United States; in 1888 the number had increased

to five thousand, creameries having increased most largely. The butter made at some of these creameries, from its even qualities, commands a larger price than farm dairy butter, sometimes one shilling and eightpence to three shillings a pound.

A PROPOSAL BY PHONOGRAPH.

TOM DOUGLAS was young, good-looking, and would some day be well-to-do; but above all things he was scientific. His passion for science first became noticeable when he began to learn chemistry in the Fourth Form at Halstone School. Tom and all his class-fellows were deeply taken by the weird and unearthly odours, the terrifying explosions, and the miraculous bursts of subaqueous fire which appeared at the will of Mr Stubbs the science master. Indeed, they endeavoured persistently to emulate their tutor's exploits; but even the tutor's performances were presently quite eclipsed by those of his promising pupil Tom. The boy had a perfect genius for explosions, so that it soon became customary among the others, during the two or three hours which they spent each week in the laboratory, to give up any little enterprises of their own and simply keep an eye on Tom's movements. It was usually worth their while, for he rarely failed to do something marvellous.

When the end of term came and the youth arrived at his home in Dulberry, he set off at once on a tour of inspection round the home premises. A small building, which belonged to the gardener, and was used by him as a store-house for seeds, flower-pots, and other things appertaining to his craft, struck his fancy. He found no difficulty in persuading his too complaisant parents to make this room over to him; and notwithstanding the murmurs of Sandy the gardener, it was forthwith emptied of its horticultural contents, fitted with benches, shelves, and a fireplace, and generally rendered habitable. Chemicals also, and all kinds of apparatus, were ordered from London. Had his friends not been altogether ignorant of the science of chemistry, they would have noticed that the chemicals which Tom ordered, and for which they blindly paid, were chiefly of the kind which go to make up explosions. Almost as soon as the laboratory had been fitted up, the goods arrived from London. On the first day, nothing worthy of note was seen or heard, Tom being too busily engaged in arranging and admiring his treasures to begin experimenting with them. Soon, however, the household began to listen with mild toleration to the loud explosions which, at intervals of about an hour, were constantly heard from the direction of Tom's laboratory. They were not quite so tractable, however, when the embryo chemist grew tired for the moment of noises and turned his attention to the production of unpleasant odours. But even then the boy was quite safe from interruption. They were not likely to attempt to approach the source of odours by which they were already almost stifled; whereas Tom revelled in the malodorous products of his experiments, and behaved, in an atmosphere reeking with the most abominable gases, as if he were once more

breathing his native air after a long and painful period of exile.

His love of science grew stronger, if a good deal more rational, as years passed by. At last, when he went up to Oxford, another room was added to his den. This was furnished after the manner of the average undergraduate's rooms, and here he kept his personal property and did most of his reading. Like most science-men, he was fond of novels, and of these this room soon contained an extensive and catholic collection. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and at last Tom Douglas discovered that there was one thing which, struggle as he might to ignore it, was beginning to interest him far more than any of the sciences to which he had hitherto devoted himself. His father's brother had many years ago emigrated to Australia. Almost immediately, he had married; but after a few years of hard struggle against poverty, his wife had died, leaving to him a little daughter, Dora. Tom Douglas was in his fourth year when he heard from home that his unknown uncle was dead. His father had received a letter some months before, saying that Dora would soon be alone in the world. She would be rich—for success had come to her father when it was too late to save his wife—and now the dying man begged his brother to become her guardian and offer her a home. Mr Douglas had at once consented; and Dora arrived in England shortly before the commencement of Tom's last long vacation; so that when he arrived at Dulberry she had already been there for a week or two. The cousins became very good friends; and it was the image of a sweet girlish face, blue-eyed, and a little sad, which occupied Tom's mind, and caused him to neglect his science-work almost entirely.

At the end of the 'long' he went up to Oxford once more, in order to take leave of his friends and formally to take his degree, for at the end of the previous term he had gained a 'first' in Honours Chemistry. This brief absence from Dora was so utterly painful to him, that he became aware of the fact that he really was very much in love with her. Of course, he ought to have known it before; perhaps he had done so, but at least he had never acknowledged it to himself. At anyrate he made haste to get back to his home.

When he returned to Dulberry he carried with anxious solicitude a box, which appeared to contain something at once very fragile and inestimably valuable. Dora had taken a great interest in his scientific studies—or rather, he had revived for her benefit his boyish interest in explosions. After lunch, therefore, he told her that during his absence he had spent a few days in town and there had secured a scientific wonder, which she must examine. He took the box under his arm, and they went together to his sanctum in the garden. Arrived there, he opened the box and took out a piece of mechanism which, he said, was a phonograph. He showed Dora how a thin plate of mica, moving with the air-vibrations caused by the voice, set in motion a small stylus of steel, and how this stylus marked out its vibrations on a thin cylinder of smooth wax, which, by a screw arrangement, was caused to move at once in the direction of its length and around its axis. Then he shifted back the

cylinder into its original position, so that the point of the stylus rested at the beginning of the little channel which it had already marked out on the wax. Finally, turning the screw again, he set the cylinder in motion; and the stylus, travelling along the line it had traced thereon, vibrated as it had done in the first instance. By this means the mica was once more set in vibration, and as it communicated its vibrations to the air, the original sounds were once more reproduced.

Tom tried to persuade Dora to sing a song; but the presence of that silent recorder made her nervous, and she was content with listening to the repetition of some trite and rather disconnected remarks of his own. The next few days passed not quite happily for Tom Douglas. He was in love, deeply in love, with Dora; but he did not dare to tell her as yet the secret which was nevertheless betrayed to her keen sight by his every word and action. He spent a good deal of time alone in his study, and amused himself after a rather silly fashion with the phonograph.

One day he had gone off on a visit to some friends, and Dora was feeling lonely and a trifle *ennuyée*. Her cousin had begged her to borrow any of his books if at any time she wanted something to read, and she went down to his study to get one. As she went, she was thinking of him, and wondering why he still hesitated to ask her the simple question which she would so gladly answer—the question which he was so constantly asking himself, and to which his love and his humility both gave different answers. She had chosen a book, when her eye fell on the phonograph lying ready for use on a table. Now that she was alone, she thought it would be rather pleasant to try how her own voice sounded. She had read lately in one of the newspapers that people had no idea of what their voices really sounded like; and she rather wondered whether her singing, of which she was inclined to think highly, was really so good as she had imagined. Filled with dread lest the unflattering phonograph should prove to her that her voice was harsh and unpleasant, and not quite decided as to what song she should try, she began to move the treadle which set the cylinder in motion. What sound was that which fell upon her ears? Her cousin's voice was speaking to her; and after a moment of blank astonishment, she listened with a quiet smile, as though Tom were standing before her in the flesh and saying what the phonograph now said for him. This is what she heard: 'Dora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day when first I saw you! I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?' The voice lapsed into silence.

With a sudden gladness, Dora saw what had happened. Her cousin had also wondered how his voice sounded to others—to her—and especially how the question would sound which he so longed to ask. Well, the voice struck her as awkward, constrained, and quite unlike the cheerful tones to which she had become accustomed; but the words—

At that moment she heard her cousin's voice at the other end of the garden. He had returned home unexpectedly, and was chatting with the

gardener. He would be here presently, no doubt! In a moment she had once more set in motion the cylinder of the phonograph, and bending over it, spoke a few words in a low clear voice. Then she shifted the cylinder back into its original position, and stepped quickly into the next room—the laboratory.

In a few minutes she heard the conversation between Tom and the gardener cease. The young man came quickly down the garden and entered his sanctum. He flung his hat and walking-stick upon a chair, and then the phonograph struck his attention. He moved towards it and stood looking down on it, with his back towards the door of the room whence Dora was eagerly watching him. Then he began absent-mindedly to set the treadle in motion. Once more the phonograph spoke, and as it did so, Dora moved silently forward and stood in the open doorway of the laboratory. 'Dora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day when first I saw you! I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?'

Tom heard these words; and then, before he had moved his foot from the treadle, the phonograph spoke in another voice: 'Why should you be afraid to come and ask me, when you know?'—It was Dora's voice; and even while he wondered at this marvel, he heard the same voice speaking again. 'Tom!' said the voice; and turning, he saw his cousin, standing with half-parted lips and laughing rosy face, only a yard or two away from him.

'Dora!' he cried, 'you have learned my secret!'

Dora moved towards him and hid her face in his shoulder; then, as he raised and kissed it, she whispered: 'Yes, Tom, long ago!'

FLORAL COLONISTS.

As we ramble along our country lanes or saunter by the side of our rushing rivulets we are struck by the almost infinite variety of wild-flowers which bespangle the grass, cluster in the hedgerows, or bend over the water; or even if we go no farther than our own gardens, we are well aware that multitudes of plants, with leaves and flowers of usually a rather ragged appearance, and which we designate weeds, grow vigorously and rapidly, and would soon, but for the assiduous labour of the gardener, thrust out the flowers which we have so carefully tended.

Now, the greater part of these wild-flowers and weeds are the true children of the soil, natives who have held the ground from time immemorial, and have reigned in undisputed right, until man has by cultivation overturned their empire and forced them to yield to other plants, which, though less adapted to the situation, afforded greater advantages to himself. But others, though growing among the wild ones and apparently native, are not aborigines; they have come as colonists, introduced by the hand of man, either designedly or otherwise, and intruded themselves among our native plants. Some of these have been residents in our country for ages, and have thoroughly

established themselves; others, although of recent introduction, have increased with such rapidity that in large tracts of country they have gained a permanent footing; while a third class only show themselves sparingly and locally, and can scarcely be considered naturalised. In this short paper we purpose directing your attention to a few of these floral colonists which from time to time have been introduced into our native land.

It is no easy task always to decide whether a plant is a true native or whether it is merely a colonist. In a very few cases we have the date of a plant's introduction; but in the vast majority of instances this is unrecorded. But if a plant is known to have been in cultivation for centuries, and is found only in the neighbourhood of houses or on the borders of cultivated fields, while in the corresponding latitude of Europe it is wanting, we may be very certain that it is only a garden escape.

To the monks, who in their way were great gardeners, we are indebted for the introduction of several plants; and since in many cases the ancient monastery has disappeared, the flowers which were wont to grow in its garden are often taken for wild ones. Among others, the Snowdrop was a favourite flower in a monastic garden, for it was sacred to the Virgin Mary; and in many a shady dell, especially in the west of England, where not a stone of the old convent appears, the snowdrop still blossoms in the spring, telling us of a vanished garden. Its native home, however, is on the Alps. Another plant, too, they brought from the mountains of Central Europe, a species of dock (*Rumex alpinus*), Monk's Rhubarb. No beauty of bloom or of foliage recommended it, nor did any mystic legend enshroud its history; but its root possessed medicinal qualities, and the monks well understood the healing virtues of herbs. It is now found in many places in the north.

But not only from monastic gardens, but also from the cottager's little plot of ground, many flowers which were grown for their beauty, or herbs which were planted for culinary or medicinal purposes, have been disseminated far and wide by means of wind or bird, and may now be found apparently wild in many localities.

The Yellow Fumitory (*Corydalis lutea*) may be often found on old walls in various parts of the country. It is a plant nearly related to the common fumitory, with largish, yellow, irregular flowers, and pale, glaucous, glabrous leaves, which have anything but a pleasant odour; but it is only a garden escape, and is never found at any great distance from houses.

The Common Pink (*Dianthus plumarius*) and Clove Pink (*D. caryophyllus*) are found, though rarely, on old walls in districts where they have been formerly cultivated; and even the Cheddar Pink (*D. celsius*), which has been for years considered indigenous to the limestone rocks of Cheddar, in Somersetshire, is now considered by some authorities to be a garden outcast. The Wallflower, which is found on rocks and walls in many parts of the country, and which makes the St Vincent Rocks at Clifton, in the spring-time, golden with its bright yellow blossoms, while the air around is laden with its sweetness, is by some considered merely naturalised; while, curiously enough, the Stock, which is seen but

rarely, and then mostly on old castle walls or similar situations, is supposed to be a native.

The Periwinkle, a native of Southern Europe, which is a favourite plant on rockeries on account of its trailing stem and evergreen leaves, may sometimes be met with along our roadsides; but since it is propagated mainly by its rooting stem, and seldom, if ever, ripens its seed in our northern clime, it cannot be indigenous.

On walls, especially in the west, a common plant is the Ivy-leaved Toad-flax (*Linaria cymbalaria*). Pretty it is too, with small lilac blossoms like tiny snapdragons, which are produced in such profusion that in many parts of the country it goes by the popular name of Mother of Thousands; but though it is so abundant that it covers many walls with a bright green drapery bespangled with myriads of starry flowers, yet it is with us only an introduced plant from the south of Europe, and has been originally planted, even in those places in which it is most abundant.

The real Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum majus*), which, with its bright showy flowers, is such a gay ornament in most cottage gardens, is sometimes met with, strayed away from the spot in which it was cultivated, and adorning the dreary hedgerow or quarry edge. When found in such situations, its blossoms are almost invariably red, though, when under cultivation, they vary with almost every conceivable shade of colour. Down by the rivulets of Warwickshire and of other parts of England, an American plant, the Monkey Flower (*Mimulus lutea*), may often be seen. In every case it must be naturalised, though the seeds have often been carried by the stream to a considerable distance from the garden to which they owe their origin.

The preceding have escaped from the flower garden; but the kitchen garden has also its outcasts. Parsley is often found on cliffs and rocky places. On St Vincent Rocks, Bristol—that happy hunting-ground for botanists—it is found abundantly; and on many limestone hills even in the inland counties it may be met with. The wild pear, which is so common a feature in the hedgerows of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, is now generally supposed to be the degraded remnant of a former cultivation. Even the medlar, which has often been quoted as a true English fruit, has been by some authorities lowered to the rank of a garden escape.

All plants which are propagated by means of runners are peculiarly liable to stray from the spot in which they have been planted; the Strawberry is therefore sometimes met with away from its bed, but is by no means common. A notable instance of this is the Common Elm, a tree which constitutes one of the leading features in English scenery; but it is certainly not British, for the seed never comes to maturity in our northern clime, and has in every instance either been planted or sprung from a sucker coming from an older tree. It has now been one of our forest trees for many centuries, and is perhaps the commonest. Another plant which is often found in England, but rarely ripens its seed, is the horse-radish, which may often be seen down by river-banks, or in waste places where garden rubbish is thrown. Any one who knows the extraordinary vitality of its root, and

the way in which a small portion of root will grow, will be at no loss to account for its appearance.

All these plants have, however, been introduced purposely and designedly; man has brought them over to his native land either for the sake of their beauty or from some utilitarian reason, and we have no reason to be sorry for their residence in our midst; but others have been introduced unwittingly and involuntarily, and their introduction has proved a curse rather than a blessing. Such are the numerous weeds whose seeds from time to time have been carried over from foreign countries with grain or other seeds. All the poppies whose scarlet blossoms look so beautiful in a cornfield have probably come over in the first instance in that way; and though we may admire the manner in which their colour agrees with the golden corn, the farmer would be only too glad if their seeds had never landed from Southern Europe. The Field Crowfoot (*Ranunculus arvensis*), a straggling weed, with smallish yellow flowers, and easily distinguished from the other crowfoots by its large flattened achenes, which are covered with bristles, was introduced also from the south; and many of the cresses and other cruciferous plants can boast of a similar origin.

North America has sent us the Water Thyme (*Anacharis*), which, though first discovered in this country so recently as 1842, has made such rapid advances that there is scarce a canal, river, or brook in the country but is infested with this troublesome water-weed. It rarely comes above the surface, flowering under water, and is readily known by its pellucid leaves, which are arranged upon a simple stem in whorls of three.

Kew Gardens, too, have let out some of their botanical specimens to the disadvantage of the neighbouring farmers. First of these stands a South American plant, a native of Peru (*Galinsoga parviflora*), a plant belonging to the great order Composite, with broadly ovate opposite leaves, and small heads of flowers. The ray flowers are small and few, about six, white and broad; and the tubular flowers are yellow. This plant is already a great nuisance in the various gardens and cultivated land in the parishes of Mortlake, Richmond, &c., and is rapidly spreading. A Russian plant, too, of the Balsam family, with small inconspicuous flowers, has also escaped, but does not appear to spread very rapidly; while a third offshoot from these Gardens is seen in that curious plant from North America called *Claytonia perfoliata*. It belongs to the order *Portulacaceæ*, has thick succulent leaves, of which the radical ones are ovate, and on long stalks; while the stem ones uniting, form a single leaf, through which passes the stem, which bears a number of minute white flowers. The seeds are black and shining. We have found this as far distant as Eden Park, in Kent.

These are but a few examples of naturalised plants; many others might be cited, but they are mostly only naturalised in small quantities and in limited localities. Many others, too, which now adorn our gardens, and are cultivated among our fruits and vegetables, may as the years roll on be registered among our wild-flowers; while, alas! some of those which have been long cherished among our woodland blossoms may become ex-

tinct. Primroses and violets, oxlips and orchids, are gradually decreasing; but may the time be long in coming when their haunts shall know them no more!

I D Y L.

In the valley of the Wye,
Clear and low the cattle-cry
Echoes o'er the meadows still,
Till it spurs the baby-feet,
Truant in the village street,
From their supper at the Mill.

To the stile beyond the cool
Shaded waters of the pool,
That the freshets flush and fill,
Every eve in sun and shade,
Strolls a farmer down the glade
From his holding on the hill.

Skirting close the woods of pine,
Meekly step the foremost kine,
Till they splash the swollen rill.
Ankle-deep in herbage lush,
Follows with a deepening flush
Maiden Maggie of the Mill.

Gold the rippled locks beneath
Hat and honeysuckle wreath—
From her garden at the Mill;
While her wistful eyes of blue
Seem as glints of heaven's hue
To the watcher from the hill.

Springing with a blithe 'Good-e'en,'
From his stile above the green,
Downward hurries Farmer Will;
While the patient milky band
Long in water-eddies stand,
Drinking each a lazy fill.

Every evening her surprise
Deepens, as the blushes rise,
At their meeting by the rill.
Must he always watch the yield
Of that long ten-acre field,
As she passes to the Mill?

But he tells, with lover's art,
Of a lonely home and heart,
On a holding up the hill;
And the cattle homeward stray,
While they linger on the way,
Miller's maid and Farmer Will.

For a maiden will delay,
And it takes so long to say
In a lover's ear 'I will,'
And the children wait and wait
Till the hour is growing late
For their supper at the Mill.

C. A. DAWSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.